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Leon Solis - Cohen,

Born, October 16, 1840.

Died, September 19, 1884.

Cohen, Leon Solis -

1884

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(From *The American Hebrew* of Sept. 26, 1884.)

In Memoriam.

The many friends in New York and Philadelphia of Leon Solis-Cohen, have heard of his death with profound regret.

Mr. Cohen was born in Philadelphia and died in that city, but had resided in New York for the last twelve years. His gentleness and his kindness endeared him to all who knew him, while his extensive knowledge and varied talents rendered his conversation entertaining, his criticism instructive, and the help he freely gave, valuable in the extreme.

He was an ardent lover of *belles lettres*, and besides being skilful with the pencil, possessed a remarkable gift of versification, though he had exercised it but rarely of late years. As a young man he was prominent in various literary

associations, particularly the Philadelphia Literary Institute, to whose proceedings he contributed largely. This society was dissolved at the outbreak of the Civil War, many of its members enlisting in the Union Army, the Keystone Artillery in particular being largely recruited therefrom. Mr. Cohen, though barely of age, was made corporal of the gun. He received an injury just prior to the battle of Gettysburg, which necessitated his removal to his own home for treatment, and incapacitated him for further military duty.

After the war, he resided for some years in Memphis, Tenn., and while there versified for the *American Israelite* a number of Rabbinical legends and some old Germano-Jewish comic tales which he had picked up in reading and in conversation, having always been attracted to the quaint and curious in literature and folk-lore. He wrote at times under the *nom de plume* of "Lemon S. Cream," but the Jewish stories were related in the person of one "Sh'muel," who was

made the hero of them all. While in New Orleans, to which city he had been called on business, detaining him many months, he contributed under the name of "Lemon S. Cream" to the New Orleans *Sunday Times* and other journals of that city.

He had a decided inclination towards the study of medicine, and indeed had attended one full course of lectures at Jefferson College, but becoming engaged to be married in New York, and a commercial opening presenting itself in that city, he abandoned the profession for the more immediate returns of a mercantile career. He never lost his interest in the art of healing, and made it a point to look over the medical journals at the libraries, to note the advances in subjects in which he had acquired special interest.

Of the sciences, chemistry was his favorite, and he was quite a skilful amateur photographer. In company with the late Cornelius Levy, of Philadelphia, he visited Richmond

shortly after Lee's surrender, and made a number of views of the burned district and other points of interest, which were published under the title of "The Rebel Capital and its Environs," and met with quite an extensive sale.

He was irreproachable in his domestic relations, a good son, a tender husband, an affectionate brother, a devoted father. There was something womanly in his tenderness, and a gentleness and refinement in his speech rarely encountered. He was charitable, not alone with gifts, but with his time. During an epidemic of yellow fever at Memphis, he was one of the citizens who nursed the sick.

He had been ailing for some time, and with the close of 1883 abandoned business, in compliance with the imperative orders of his physicians. His medical knowledge made him realize the incurable nature of his disease, but he bore his affliction with fortitude, rarely complaining, even when his sufferings must have been great. While his early death had not been unexpected,

the end was so sudden as to surprise even his medical attendant. Up to the very night of his death his thought was of others, and he evinced a lively interest in the doings of those about him, planning and suggesting with his accustomed clearness of thought and fertility of resource. He is at rest and in peace, bequeathing to his dear ones the comforting memory of his virtues, and transmitting untarnished to his children the good name he received from his father.

(From *The American Israelite*.)

POSEN VS. G'NESEN.

A COMMON-PLACE OLD STORY GOOD-NATUREDLY
SET TO RHYME.

There is a town of some renown,
Which for my theme is chosen ;
For I shall tell what once befell
The wiseacres of Posen.
And if you do not think quite true,
This story so amazin';
You've but to ask—'tis no great task—
The people of G'nesen.

These last at Leipzig, used to buy
Their wares; and then at prices high,
To Posen's less keen witted men,
Would sell the self-same goods again.

At last the Poseners 'gan to say,
" This sort of business doesn't pay ;
" A wiser course let us pursue,
" And buy our goods at Leipzig, too."

Now in the town, there was not one,
 Who ever had to Leipzig gone,
 And though it was strange—'twas no less true,—
 The road to Leipzig, no one knew.

Hence 't was proposed that a committee
 Be sent to the adjoining city,
 Who when the wagons thence should start,
 Might follow them to Leipzig Mart.

This motion, without hesitation,
 Was passed, at once, by acclamation ;
 And Posen, its great shrewdness praising,
 Set out to circumvent G'nesen.

The wagons left the latter place
 Jogging along at easy pace,
 When just as the first day was closing,
 There hove in sight the carts from Posen.

“This will not do,” G'nesen said,
 “We can't afford to lose our trade;”
 So, with accustomed sharpness, they
 Concocted on the following day
 A plan of action, whose fruition,
 Would end all Posen's competition.

At break of day our friends from Posen
 Were still in Morpheus' arms reposin' ;

But their sharp neighbors long were gone.
They started shortly before dawn,
But—ere they left their camping ground,
They *turned each Posen wagon round*.

The Poseners, innocent of schemes,
Had shaken off their morning dreams ;
Had washed and dressed and laid Tephillin,
And onward to proceed were willing,
When lo ! G'nesen's carts were gone !
They gaze about with looks forlorn,
Till Sh'muel said : " Well, let them go,
 " Sure, by this time, the way we know.
 " The road to Leipzig leads straight on ;
 " Let's hitch up horses and begone ! "

He started off—each did the same,
And back the very route they came,
They blundered on as best they could ;
But as they went, a little wood,
Which they the eve before passed by,
Now fixed with wonder, every eye.
And Sh'muel cried, (he was their Hochom,)
 " Die ganze Welt ist bloss *ein* Mokom !
 " We passed just such a spot before,
 " Things so alike I never saw."

The ruined Schloss, grown o'er with green,
Which, but the day before, they'd seen,

From their delusion never woke 'em,
But each one cried, " The world's one Mokom ! "
Bound still for Leipzig on they roam,
Nor dream their steps but take them home.

Castles and hovels, woods and hills,
Swift-rushing streams and gentle rills,
All look familiar—seen before—
And still they wonder more and more,
And in one's ribs another 'd poke him,
With, "My neshomoh! the world's one Mokom!"
And so, along the beaten track,
Our friends from Posen wandered back.

Each hour some fresh sight awoke 'em,
To the great fact, "The world's one Mokom!"
One day—the sun was almost down—
They saw the spires of a town;
And Sh'muel shouted with delight,
"In Leipzig we will sup to-night."

But to the city nearer come,
Each stock and stone was just like home ;
And stiff with wonder all were frozen,
To think that Leipzig looked like Posen ;
Men, houses, cattle, streets and trees,
As like to Posen, as two peas :
Their stupid wonder seemed to choke 'em,
“ 'Tis wirklich wahr, the world's one Mokom.”

They plod on towards the Judengasse,
 Past many an old and well known Strasse,
 And with each step increased their wonder,
 Till with a shock like clap of thunder,
 Each startled Posener sees his frau:
 "Der Teufel! What 's the matter now!"

"Come back so soon from Leipzig fair!"
 Their wives enquire—Still they stare;
 Till Sh'muel cried, "Who'd have supposen,
 "The road to Leipzig led to Posen!"

And from that day, the old folks say
 To stay at home they've chosen;
 And that is why *you never spy*
Aman that came from Posen.

SH'MUEL.

(From *The American Israelite*.)

A DIVISION.

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE LAW,—AND THE
PROFITS.

A Rabbi once, who dwelt in Surinam,
Most deeply skilled in Rashi and Rambam,
Midrash, Kaballah, all those things that fit
The subtile brain, the finest hair to split ;
Whose learned sermons ever breathed the Ruach
Of Mishna, and Gemara, Shulchan Aruch,
Was asked by a disciple :—" On the way,
 " Should one find money, on the Sabbath-day,
 " Is he allowed the money thence to take,
 " Since handling money doth the Sabbath break?"
The Rabbi said :—" Draw nigh to me, Shemuel,
" And unto thee I will expound the rule :—
 " The money may be lifted and conveyed
 " Unto some place of safety, and there laid
 " Until the Sun has in the West subsided,
 " When in three parts the same should be divided.
 " One part expended in the Poor's behalf,
 " Another portion given to the Raf,
 " The other third, the finder his may call ;
 " And Heaven's blessing shall descend on all."

Sometime thereafter, on a Sabbath eve,
 His flock departed—he about to leave—
 Upon the steps, the Rabbi did espy
 A pile of money most inviting lie.
 Dropping his kerchief o'er the glittering heap.
 (From contact with the coin, his hand to keep,)
 He gently raised it up from where it lay,
 And homeward turning, went his peaceful way.

The queenly Sabbath had resigned her sceptre,
 When Samuel thus accosted his preceptor:
 “Master and Teacher! if it be your pleasure,
 “Inform me how you will divide your treasure!”
 The Rabbi said: “It shall be fairly done,—
 “One part goes to the finder, ME, my son.
 “The next, as Rabbi, I MUST take, I'm sure,
 “And all the balance goes to ME, I'M POOR!”

SH'MUEL.

Memphis, 1868.

(From the *Turf, Field and Farm*.)

SIXTY-EIGHT AND SIXTY-NINE.

Year after year—an endless ring—
In due succession rise ;
“The King is dead! Long live the King!”
For as the old year dies,
Another dons the robe of state
And reigns by right divine—
Peace to thine ashes, '68!
Long life to '69!

Some men will rise to power and place ;
Some fall to rise no more ;
Some jog along at easy pace,
Just as they jogged before,
And some will dine off massive plate,
And some will scarcely dine ;
And the world as it wagged in '68,
Will wag in '69.

Hopes that we held in days gone by
Will fade in days to come ;

And many a lip in anguish cry,
 And many a lip grow dumb ;
 And many a time we'll curse our fate,
 And at our lot repine,
 For the bubbles we chase in '68
 Will burst in '69.

Plots will be laid, reforms begun,
 For which none cares a straw,
 And laws be made in Washington
 And broke in Arkansaw.
 The men who guide the ship of State,
 Their guardianship resign—
 And the powers that be in '68,
 Be powerless '69.

Friendship will fade away like mist,
 And favors be forgot ;
 Women will scold the men they kissed,
 And reputations spot.
 For cooing love will turn to hate,
 And even (I opine)
 The girl that's true in '68,
 Prove false in '69.

But, Myra, canst thou recollect
 When we were children still ?

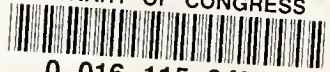
Who pinched thee then, would now protect
And shield thee from all ill.
For thee this heart doth palpitate,
Its every throb is thine,
And the lass I love in '68
I'll love in '69!

LEMON S. CREAM.

Philadelphia, Dec. 30, 1884.



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